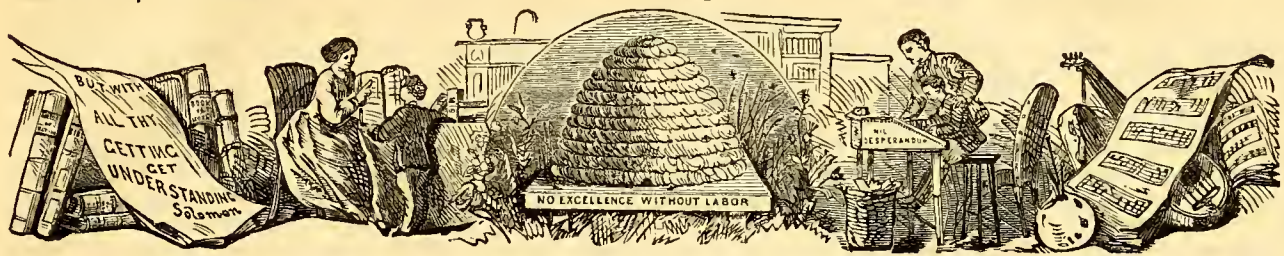


# The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 6.

## THE DON COSSACKS.

WE give you herewith a representation of the Don Cossacks, a most numerous race of people who live on both sides of the river Don, from about the fifty-first degree of latitude to its junction with the sea of Azof. They also possess large districts on the eastern shores of that sea, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, and even stretch to the east as far as the confines of Siberia.

They are said to be descendants of the ancient Scythians, and appear to have first emigrated from the regions now denominated Circassia; but their numbers have been increased by refugees from various other countries.

It is said of this people that, in former times, they presented the singular and striking peculiarity of a free people living in the midst of abject slavery, for the lower classes in Russia were serfs and were owned by the lords of the soil, who could dispose of them as so many cattle. All this has been changed of late years. The present Emperor of Russia passed a decree of emancipation, by which the serfs were made free. In Russia, when the people wish to use a figure about freedom they say "as free as a Cossack." The Cossacks enjoying all the freedom that can be imagined.

There is no nation on the globe within whose borders so many nationalities dwell as within those of Russia. These tribes, races and nations differ from each other in laws, manners and religion as well as in their appearance. In some of the southern provinces the inhabitants enjoy a fruitful soil and a temperate and delicious climate, and lead a pastoral or agricultural life, in the midst of abundance. In the northern regions, where the earth yields little or no return from cultivation, and the only reliance of the people is fishing, or the chase, or the milk and flesh of the reindeer, their life is not very pleasant, and their

appearance shows the effect of the climate and of the inferior circumstances by which they are surrounded. They are much smaller and a more degraded race than the people of the South, who are tall and graceful.

The Czar or Emperor of Russia can dispose of the lives and property of all his subjects according to his own pleasure. He is called an autocrat, which means that he has absolute power over his people; his government is called autocratic.

These Cossacks, in the picture, are not subject, in this manner, to his will. They have their own chiefs, and live in a sort of Republic of their own; though in the wars of Russia they are called into military service, and form fine bodies of cavalry.



### A TALK WITH A LION TAMER.

A LION-TAMER named Legriel was severely bitten in the leg by a lioness at Marseilles, in August last, and is still disabled in consequence of the wound. One of the local papers describes a visit to him as follows: In answer to a question as to his manner of taming lions, he replied at length, saying that it was a gift of nature with him:

"I have no fear of them. People tell me every time I get a wound it should be a warning to me, and should

make me fear to go into the cage again. But it does not. When I am away from the lions I get home-sick, and when I go where they are, and my wounds prevent me from going in the cage, I get more home-sick still. I never saw any lions I could not tame. Two years ago, I tamed two lions in New York, which, while in Europe, had killed one man and badly wounded another, who had attempted to tame them. In three weeks after they were put in my charge they were as tame as I wished, though before they were considered untamable. I very



seldom use force in taming them, but sometimes it becomes necessary—kindness is my usual plan. I am careful to keep my eye upon them.”

Every one who has seen the lion-tamer leaving the cage after his feat of laying down among the lions, putting his feet on their heads, feeding them and firing off pistols, has doubtless noticed how careful he was—stepping out backward very deliberately, and watching very closely the beasts, which always advanced upon him. In speaking of this, he said:

“If I did not keep my eye upon them they would jump at me. They have sense enough to know that I am retreating from them, and they gain courage; there is more danger to me at this time than any other. If the lions were at liberty, I should fear to go near them. Some people think that a lion born in Europe is more docile, partaking less of the nature of the brute than one born in Africa or Asia. Not so. I would rather have to tame a litter born in either of the last mentioned places, than a litter born in this country—the latter are more dangerous and less easily tamed.”

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### A L U M.

THERE are rocks in this Territory containing the sulphate of alumina; consequently alum could be made in abundance if we had sufficient ammonia, or potash; for, it will be remembered, alum is a double salt. By and by, no doubt, the salts of ammonia will be made here as they are in large cities, from waste animal substances. Already alum has been manufactured by Mr. A. C. Pyper from the rock alum found at Saupete. This rock contains iron, which has to be removed; then, by using ammonia, alum is made. There is a very pure sulphate of alumina found at the Promontory, it is a feathery alum, free from iron, 15 per cent. of the entire bulk of the clay it is contained in can be dissolved out. This, when properly treated with the carbonate of ammonia, produces fine crystals.

Rocks containing this salt are called alum ores, some of which contain the double salt ready formed; but, more frequently, chemical treatment is necessary to produce the perfect salt. Around volcanoes the pure alum is sometimes found, this is collected and lixivated (made into a lye) and the solution made to crystalize. Some rocks contain, besides alum, a quantity of hydrate of alumina, which forms a kind of mucilage when softened with water. This kind of rock may be calcined, by which it loses its water, it is then incapable of remaining united with the alum of the mineral.

“Roche” alum is a kind found in Syria; it has a pale pink color; this is frequently made into baskets for ornamentation. This art is soon acquired by the ingenious. A rude frame-work, resembling a basket in shape, is suspended in a saturated solution of alum. To make this, as much of the alum as can be dissolved in boiling water forms the solution; no sooner is any insoluble substance placed in this, than crystals form around it. The young artist may begin by placing a few threads across a wooden vessel, into which let the solution be poured; the process of crystalization may be watched with interest from time to time. If this solution, well saturated, is painted on glass, very beautiful crystals are formed, having the appearance of frosted glass. The solution made from the

rocks found here will not crystalize until it has been chemically combined with either potash, soda, or ammonia. Even putrid urine added to this solution gives the necessary amount of ammonia.

Alum is of great use in dyeing, it forms a mordant, that is, it fixes the colors. It is also used for preparing skins by the white process, for which purpose all that is necessary is to dip skins in strong alum-water, let them dry, and then dip them in salt and water, thus forming a chloride of alumina in the pores of the skins. Skins may be dressed with a solution of our native alums in this manner. Alum is also used for the manufacture of red ink, and for hardening tallow for candles. It ought not to be eaten, as it often is, in consequence of its being used by dishonest bakers in large cities to conceal the bad quality of flour. Alum makes bread whiter, and causes it to absorb and retain more water, thus cheating the buyer. We may be thankful that we live in a country where such wicked practices, which shorten life, are not resorted to. Sometimes little children eat alum as if it were candy; this should not be, for it is injurious to health. It may be used for a gargle; a decoction of oak bark and alum dissolved in it, is very excellent for sore throat; but it should not be swallowed. It is an astringent, and is used as such in medicine; but it is *not* to be used, dear children, as candy!

BETH.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

## MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

THE white people were not numerous at Lahaina, and there were but very few at any other place on the island of Maui. Preaching to them with the hope of convincing them of the truth seemed a hopeless labor. The question arose directly, “shall we confine our labors to the white people?” It is true that we had not been particularly told to preach to the natives of the islands; but we were in their midst, had full authority to declare unto them the message of salvation, and if we did not declare it unto them, some other Elders would have to come and do so, in order to fulfil the command of God to his servants. For my part I felt it to be clearly my duty to warn all men, white and red; and no sooner did I learn the condition of the population than I made up my mind to acquire the language, preach the gospel to the natives, and to the whites whenever I could obtain an opportunity, and thus fill my mission. I felt resolved to stay there, master the language and warn the people of those islands, if I had to do it alone; for I felt that I could not do otherwise and be free from condemnation; the spirit of it was upon me. Elders Bigler and Keeler felt the same.

I mention this, because it was a point upon which a difference of opinion afterwards arose, some of the Elders being of the opinion that our mission was to the whites, and that when we had warned them, we were at liberty to return. How do you think such differences of views and opinions can be settled? Had the president of the mission exercised the authority to dictate, he could have decided between these views; but he would not. He left each one to act for himself. We were in a foreign land, far distant from the Apostles and First Presidency, and, therefore, could not appeal to them. Our only resource was to obtain revelation from the Lord for ourselves. This is the privilege of every man and woman in the Church. If Latter-day Saints will seek for knowledge, God will give it to them to guide them in all the details of life, subject, of course, to the presiding authority and its teachings and



counsels. By this means we were able, on the Sandwich Islands, to know what course to take.

White men who go to the Sandwich Islands do not always behave themselves as they should. We saw some who acted most disgracefully. They seemed to think that, because they were among the natives, they could abandon all decency. The natives are very close observers. They soon saw that we were not like many of the whites whom they had seen, and they began to take an interest in us. They readily helped us to pronounce and read their language. The want of books was a great drawback at first; but we sent to Honolulu for them. My desire to learn to speak was very strong; it was present with me night and day, and I never permitted an opportunity of talking with the natives to pass without improving it. I also tried to exercise faith before the Lord to obtain the gift of talking and understanding the language. One evening, while sitting on the mats conversing with some neighbors who had dropped in, I felt an uncommonly great desire to understand what they said. All at once I felt a peculiar sensation in my ears, I jumped to my feet, with my hands at the sides of my head, and exclaimed to Elders Bigler and Keeler, who sat at the table, that I believed I had received the gift of interpretation! And it was so. From that time forward I had but little, if any, difficulty in understanding what the people said. I might not be able at once to separate every word which they spoke from every other word in the sentence; but I could tell the general meaning of the whole. This was a great aid to me in learning to speak the language, and I felt very thankful for this gift from the Lord.

I mention this that my readers may know how willing God is to bestow gifts upon his children. If they should be called to go as missionaries to a foreign nation, whose language they do not understand, it is their privilege to exercise faith for the gifts of speaking and interpreting that language, and also for every other gift which they may need.

A little more than three weeks had passed when our money was paid out, except a very little. Much as we disliked the idea, it seemed necessary for us to separate, and seek places to live where we could find them among the natives. We cast lots to learn which direction we should take. Elder Henry W. Bigler drew South; Elder James Keeler East, and myself North. I had explained to the man of whom we rented the house our position. Of course my explanations were not perfect; for three weeks' residence had not made us masters of the language; but he comprehended the situation exactly. He went to a neighboring house, where the family who had done our washing, and who had been very friendly and kind, lived, and told the old lady how matters stood with us. She came in; but we were so busy making our arrangements to start out that we did not converse with her, and she went off again. Brother Bigler started off in the direction which had fallen to him, with a piece of paper in his hand, on which sentences in native, such as he would be likely to need, were written, with their meaning in English. Brother Keeler and myself were preparing to go in the direction which had fallen to us, when Bro. Keeler suggested that we call upon Na-lima-nui, the old lady of whom I have spoken. Our object was to learn from her, if we could, who there was that would be likely to entertain strangers. "Na-lima-nui" means in the language of the Sandwich Islands "big hands." *Lima* is the noun *hand*, *nui* is the adjective *large* or *big*, and *na* is the sign of the plural. You see it is a differently constructed language to ours. The sign of the plural precedes the noun, and the qualifying adjective follows it, as "hands large or big."

## Selected Poetry.

### BABY'S RIGHTS

Her platform is only the cradle—  
Her speeches are funny and few—  
A wise little head,  
But all that is said  
Is only a vague little "goo!"

But how baby's rights are respected!  
One nod of her dear, downy head,  
Whenever she thinks she's neglected,  
And down to her feet we are led.

She lifts up her voice in a minute—  
Her protests are loud and are long!  
Each household affair—she is in it,  
To see there is nothing goes wrong.

The right to twist limbs that are dimpled,  
In every extravagant way;  
To maul and to tease  
The cat at her ease—  
To crow and to creep all the day.

The right to a love that is purest—  
The right to a mother's own love!  
The right to a guide that is surest  
To lead her wee footsteps above.

Her sweet little mouth she upraises,  
As pure as a rose, dew impearled!  
The right to our kisses and praises—  
O, these her rights, over the world!

ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.—A boy watched a large building as the workmen from day to day carried the bricks and mortar.

"My son," said his father, "you seem much interested in the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

"No," he replied; "I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works; all your learning is but one great lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the world it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of a succession of moments, learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labors. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large building rose by laying one brick upon another."

THE BEAUTY OF PURITY.—Goethe was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter, being reproved for something, blushed and burst into tears. He said to the mother: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter? The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman; these are never seen unconnected with moral purity. A full-blown flower, sprinkled with purest hue, is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is a sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."




# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



YOU were told in number two some incidents about the Vaudois, a people who live in the High Alps in Italy and France. We wish to give you a few more particulars concerning this remarkable people, the French Vaudois, and their country, to show you how difficult it is to destroy a people for their religion in a mountainous country. The particulars which we give you are taken from the account of one who has recently visited their country. One of the valleys which they inhabit is called Fressinières. It is a valley about twelve miles in extent, a very small portion of which can be cultivated. At some places on the mountain sides the soil has settled on ledges, and every foot of this is turned to good account. It is a very cold, sterile valley, and it is exceedingly difficult to reach it; for this reason it was one of the most secure refuges of the Vaudois in the middle ages. Sometimes the soldiers, who were sent to kill them for their religion, succeeded in penetrating the valley; but they usually found the hamlets deserted and the people fled. Then they would wreak their vengeance on the fields, which they laid waste, and on the dwellings, which they burned. After committing all the destruction they could, they would depart, and the poor Vaudois would creep back to their ruined homes to pray midst their ashes for strength and grace to enable them to bear their heavy afflictions which they had to endure for the sake of their religion.

The villages in the lower part of the valley were thus repeatedly ravaged and destroyed; but far up, at the extreme end, a foot-path led across the face of a precipice, which the persecutors of these poor people never ventured to tread. This pathway led to the little hamlet of Dormilhouse, which is seated on a few ledges of rock on a lofty mountain-side, 5000 feet above the level of the sea. This little hamlet is said to have existed for nearly 600 years, and during these long centuries the people have been true to their religion. Persecution could neither kill them nor destroy their religion. We would likely think Dormilhouse a dreadful place to live in. There is very little soil that can be cultivated in the neighborhood; but the villagers seek out little patches in the valley below, and on the mountain shelves, from which they contrive to grow a little grain for home use. So cold is it in some seasons that even rye will not ripen. Even in summer the place is dreary, stern and desolate. We read of snow falling there on the first of July. In the winter the people are constantly exposed to avalanches and falling rocks. There is scarcely a place in the hamlet on which a house can be built, and it be safe from the avalanche. Sometimes the snow whirlwind swoops up the valley, tears the roofs from the houses and scatters them in destruction. The dangers and terrors of the situation are so great that it could never have been chosen even for a hiding place, much less for a place to live in constantly, unless the people had been compelled, by the direst necessity to seek shelter there. What they suffered while making their homes on

those barren mountain heights no one can tell; but to the terrible nature of their country they perhaps owe their religion and their existence as a people. Strange to say that even now, when their persecution has ceased, and they are free to worship as they please, they still cling to their valley above the clouds. It is now their home, and they have come to love it and are satisfied to live and die there. Rather than live elsewhere, some of them walk twelve miles in the early morning to their work down the lower valley and twelve miles home again in the evening to their perch on the rocks at Dormilhouse. They are said to be proud of their mountain home, and would not exchange it for the most smiling vineyards of the plains.

You can imagine that these people do not have very rich living when we tell you that their principal food is goats' milk and unsifted rye. They bake their rye into cakes in the fall, and these cakes last them the whole year. But why, you may ask, not bake it as they want to use it? Because grain is apt to grow mouldy and spoil there, the atmosphere is so damp. Another reason is, fuel is very scarce. Every stick they burn has to be brought on the backs of donkeys a distance of some twelve miles, and this, too, by a steep mountain path. To keep themselves warm in the winter they put their cattle in their cottages; the heat from the bodies of the cattle helps to keep them warm.

These Vaudois cling to their religion with wonderful resolution. For one hundred and fifty years they were without any preacher of their faith. During all that time they had been without any kind of schools. You might think, where generation after generation grew up in ignorance for that length of time, they would forget their religion. Not so. The Roman Catholic priests tried to convert them. They built a church, and a priest lived there twenty years, but though the people liked him, they would not enter his church. During those years he never gained a convert, and he finally left.

We think our country a difficult place to live in; but ours is a paradise compared with such valleys as those where the Vaudois live. From the good valleys they had to flee before their enemies, or deny their religion. But rather than deny the faith of their fathers, they fled from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain, until they reached the lofty mountain ledge where Dormilhouse stands. That faith is still dear to them, and they will not desert it. Their conduct ought to be an example to us. They are steadfast in that which is taught to them. So ought we to be. They do not run to hear every apostate and false teacher who happens to come among them. If such persons build meeting houses in their villages, they never enter them. Curiosity to hear what they have to say, never tempts them to mingle with them. If these people can be thus wise, surely Latter-day Saints, who have the fullness of the gospel, should not be behind them.

THERE are many curious stories about the origin of fire. Tradition informs us that fire was a direct gift from God to man. No doubt this tradition is correct. The Mohammedans have a very curious story about the manner in which fire was first brought to earth. They say that the angel Gabriel taught Adam and Eve how to make bread. Then he told Adam how to build an oven; but there was no fire, so he went to hell and fetched fire from there with which to light it; but there was danger of this fire burning up the earth. To prevent this they say the angel washed the fire in the sea seventy times. This you will say is a very curious account about fire.

There have been nations found who knew nothing about the use of fire. The inhabitants of the Philippine and the Canary Isles were in this condition at their first discovery; and it is said that various tribes in Africa and America fed on raw flesh, because they knew nothing about producing fire. The



inhabitants of the Mariani Isles, discovered in 1521, had not the least idea of fire. Magellan, after whom the Straits of Magellan are called, kindled fire among them. When they first saw it, they thought it a kind of animal which fed upon wood. The first who touched it were burnt, which caused great fear of the terrible creature, which could thus painfully hurt them with its strong breath.

We read in the Book of Mormon that for eight years Lehi and his family traveled in the wilderness and lived on raw flesh. It is probable that they had but little fire; for when Nephi was told by the Lord to build a ship, he obtained fire by striking two rocks together. He says:

*"The Lord has not suffered that we should make much fire as we journeyed in the wilderness."*

We have seen the Sandwich Islanders make fire by rubbing two sticks together. You have probably seen the carpenter sharpening his chisel on a stone. When the Islanders want fire and have no matches, they hold a stick of wood in their hands like a carpenter holds his chisel, and push it backwards and forwards in a groove which is made in a stick of wood, which they place flat on the ground. It is the friction that creates the fire, and to produce it the wood must be soft and easily kindled. In watching them make fire in this manner we have thought, what great advantages men in our country possess, in having lucifer matches; which furnish fire without trouble and with certainty.

Another method of obtaining fire that we have heard of, is that used by some blacksmiths; they make a rod of iron red hot by rapid dextrous strokes of the hammer.

When you use a match, and strike a light, remember how favorably you are situated. You do not have to eat your food raw for the want of fire; you do not have to rub sticks together to obtain it, nor even use flint and steel, or tinderbox as your grandfathers had to do, before lucifer matches were invented.

ONE of the most touching illustrations of the strength of filial affection is given by an ancient historian, named Herodotus, concerning a son of Cræsus, king of Lydia. Cræsus was a very rich king; so rich, that, to this day, when a man is described as being very wealthy, he is said to be "as rich as Cræsus." But notwithstanding his riches, the city in which he resided was captured by Cyrus, the Great. The only son Cræsus had living was dumb. This young prince, when the city was taken, saw a soldier ready to give king Cræsus a stroke upon the head with his scimitar. The sight startled him. Fear and affection for the life of his father were aroused. He made such a violent effort and struggle that he broke the string of his tongue, and cried out, "Soldier! spare the life of Cræsus." His cry saved his father's life; and Cyrus afterwards gave him great honor and made him his friend.

This story seems more wonderful than true. Still, it may be true; and if it is, it is a beautiful illustration of the power of affection. Speaking of Cyrus it is very remarkable that during the whole course of his life, which was pretty long, as he himself said, the happiness of it was never interrupted by any unfortunate accident; and that in all his designs the success had answered his utmost expectations. But he states another thing that is equally remarkable; in the midst of his great and uninterrupted prosperity he still preserved in his heart a secret fear, proceeding from the apprehension of the changes and misfortunes that might happen. This prudent fear kept him from being lifted up by prosperity, and also preserved him from intemperate joy. Though a great king, he never forgot that he was a man, and, as such, was exposed to all the changes and misfortunes to which mortal men are liable. It is probable that his prosperity was due to this feeling of humility

which he had in his heart. Cyrus is called a heathen king; but he possessed more true knowledge than many boasted christian kings. On this point his life conveys a lesson which Saints can profit by studying.

## THE VULTURE.

TO-DAY we present our young friends with an engraving of a vulture, one of that large family of scavengers, provided by nature for helping to clear the earth in hot countries of the putrid bodies of dead elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, &c., that would otherwise fill the air with disease. These birds live almost entirely on dead carcases and offal; with which they will gorge themselves, until they are reduced to a state of stupidity, and a foetid humor discharges from their nostrils.

Vultures are found in nearly every very hot climate. They are sparingly scattered over the south of Europe, are more numerous in Egypt, but most abundant in the tropical regions of America. In these countries no sooner is an animal dead than it is surrounded by a host of these birds, who suddenly assemble from all quarters, where just before not one could be seen. Should a hunter bring down some large animal, too heavy for him to remove, and leave the spot to obtain help to do so, on his return,



no matter how short a time he may have been absent, he is sure to find it surrounded by a band of vultures, where not one was to be seen a quarter of an hour before.

It is a disputed question whether these birds find their food by sight or by smell. Audubon, the celebrated naturalist, inclines to the opinion that it is by the extreme acuteness of their eye-sight that they discover their prey. To prove his idea correct, he made a number of experiments, one of which was the following:

"Having stuffed and dried the skin of a deer, he retired from it; a vulture soon approached, attacked its eyes, which were made of painted clay, then walked to the other extremity, tore some of the stitches, until some of the fodder and hay with which it was stuffed was pulled out, and after reiterated attempts to discover flesh, took flight. Afterwards he had a large dead hog put into a ravine, and concealed in the briars; he saw many vultures pass over it, but none approached it, although several dogs had made a meal on it. He then tried to approach it himself but found the stench too intolerable."



One of the most powerful species of the vulture family is the bird known as the King of the Vultures, which is about two feet and a half in length, and more than five feet across the wings when expanded or stretched out. It is nothing like so disagreeable in appearance as the other kinds of this same family of birds, being diversified about the head and neck with bright red, orange and yellow plumage. In the central parts of America this bird is frequently seen, perched on a lofty rock or on the tops of the highest trees, and its vast stretch and strength of wing enables it to reach a great height, when its piercing sight brings under its observation a wide tract of country. It is said that the other vultures stand patiently by, till this, their king, has finished his repast, but it is most probable that his superior strength and courage enables him to keep the smaller fry at a distance until his royal appetite is satisfied. Still, it is no doubt a fact, that if a king vulture makes its appearance where a number of any other species are dividing the spoils and consuming the carrion, the latter at once give way and stand meekly around while their monarch leisurely gorges himself.

The Condor is another large species of vulture, of which very exaggerated stories were told by early naturalists and writers. They regarded it as the giant of the feathered tribes whose body darkened the air, "and the rushing of whose mighty wings could only be compared to the roaring of a cataract." But these tales of wonder have given way to the sober sense of truth, leaving us still one of the largest and strongest birds known to mankind. The Condor is found in the highest and most inaccessible parts of the Andes, over the highest summits of which it soars to a wonderful height. Its usual abode is from 10,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here on some solitary rock or jutting ledge it rears its brood. G.R.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

**I**N Carthage there was a company, formed of the citizens of the place, which was called the Carthage Greys. This company was a part of the militia called out by Governor Ford, and its members were the most bitter and vindictive in their expressions and conduct, against Joseph and the people of Nauvoo, of all who were with the Governor. They took no pains to conceal the hatred and bloodthirsty feelings which they entertained. After Joseph and Hyrum and Dr. Richards had gone to General Deming's quarters a company of these men flocked around the doors, and conducted themselves in a most violent manner. The Governor was informed of their conduct, but he took no notice of it. In the meantime he had ordered the troops from McDonough county to be drawn up in line for Joseph and Hyrum to pass in front, the troops having requested that the prisoners might be shown to them. When the Governor came to inform them of this arrangement Joseph had about ten minutes' conversation with him, when he again pledged the faith of the State that he and his friends should be protected from violence.

From General Deming's quarters Joseph and Hyrum went in front of the lines, in a hollow square of a company of Carthage Greys. In passing before the troops, Joseph was on the right of General Deming and Hyrum on his left. Elders Richards, Taylor, and Phelps followed. The Governor walked in front on the left. As they passed along the lines Ford introduced Joseph and Hyrum about twenty times to the troops as General Joseph Smith and General Hyrum Smith. This was no more than proper, as they both bore the title of General, that being the rank of each in the Nauvoo Legion. But giving them this honor made the Carthage Greys angry, and they refused to receive them by that introduction. Some of the officers threw up their hats, drew their swords, cursed and swore, and said they would introduce themselves in a different style. Instead of taking prompt measures to check this violence, Ford mildly entreated them not to act so rudely; but at this they grew more excited. He succeeded, however, in pacifying them by making a speech, and promising them that they should have "full satisfaction."

After Joseph and the party had returned to the hotel, news reached him that the Carthage Greys had revolted, and were put under guard by General Deming. Shortly afterwards the word came that quietness was apparently restored among them. News came also that the Warsaw troops were near Carthage, they having marched there without any orders. It was evident that the worst elements in the country were gathering together, and that they meant mischief. These Warsaw men, as well as the Carthage men, were mobocrats of the worst description—men who only acted in the capacity of militia the better to veil their true designs, and to carry out their plans of destruction and murder against Joseph and the Saints. They were banded together and pledged to each other to kill Joseph, Hyrum and other leaders of the Saints, and to drive the latter from their possessions and homes.

On the afternoon of that day Governor Ford ordered Captain Singleton with a company of men from McDonough county to march to Nauvoo to co-operate with the police in keeping the peace, and if necessary to call out the Legion. This was in response to a request of Joseph's, he having heard that a company of apostates were going to Nauvoo to plunder. A little later a number of the officers of the troops then in Carthage, and other persons, curious to see the Prophet, visited Joseph in his room. Joseph asked them if there was anything in his appearance that indicated that he was the desperate character his enemies represented him to be; and he asked them to give him their honest opinion on the subject. The reply was:

"No sir, your appearance would indicate the very contrary, General Smith; but we cannot see what is in your heart, neither can we tell what are your intentions."

To which Joseph replied.

"Very true, gentlemen, you cannot see what is in my heart, and you are therefore unable to judge me or my intentions; but I can see what is in your hearts, and will tell you what I see. I can see you thirst for blood, and nothing but my blood will satisfy you. It is not for crime of any description that I and my brethren are thus continually persecuted and harassed by our enemies, but there are other motives, and some of them I have expressed, so far as relates to myself; and inasmuch as you and the people thirst for blood, I prophesy, in the name of the Lord, that you shall witness scenes of blood and sorrow to your entire satisfaction. Your souls shall be perfectly satiated with blood, and many of you who are now present shall have an opportunity to face the cannon's mouth from sources you think not of; and those people that desire this great evil upon me and my brethren, shall be filled with regret and sorrow because of the scenes of desolation and distress that await them. They shall seek for peace, and shall not be able to find it. Gentlemen, you will find what I have told you to be true."



## FUNNY ANECDOTES OF PARROTS.

THE varieties of parrots best known in this country, and generally kept, are six in number, namely parrots, cockatoos, macaws, parakeets, love birds, and lories, though these latter are more rarely kept, on account of their not being so proficient in speaking as most of the other kinds, though their plumage is exceedingly gay and beautiful.

It is said that macaws are the best talkers of the whole species, providing they are reared from the nest. And not only are they able to talk, but they also sing in a peculiar, soft voice. Though perhaps not in volume, certainly in sweetness and softness, they are excelled by various other kinds of parakeets, particularly the green grass parakeet. While the cockatoo is the hardiest of the parrot tribe, and the most easily tamed, it is at the same time the most difficult to teach to talk at all well. Its disposition is, however, more gentle, and its obedience more implicit than that of the other species. The gray or ash-colored African parrot is very docile, and receives its lesson with great aptitude; hence it is the most general favorite; though the common green Amazon parrot, from the little attention it requires, and being easily taught to speak, shares the favor bestowed upon the grey-colored one.

The writer of this article has in his possession a green parrot which has an extraordinary fluency in its conversation and variety of expressions. As soon as its owner opens the door of the room in which it is usually kept, in a most natural voice it exclaims:

"Pa, dear, come and kiss your pretty green beauty;" or if its master knocks at the door, it immediately shouts, "Come in, come in, pa, and give us a kiss, and a thousand more." This done, the parrot shouts, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Three cheers for the Queen;" and instantly begins to dance to the tune, "Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea," repeating, or rather singing the words perfectly. Again, she frequently says, "Let the dear waiter bring pretty Polly a pot of beer, for she really wants her dinner;" and numbers of similar observations, such as "Who'll give thirty guineas for the pretty green beauty; then she will ride in her carriage, the dear?" or again, "O, you cookey rough, why did you promise to marry me, and didn't?"

This bird is most affectionate, and never allows its master to leave the room without giving it a kiss or shaking its foot. It has a lovely green plumage and belongs to that variety which is not commonly supposed to talk, namely, the parakeets, but it is said when they do talk they excel all the rest of the tribe.

My brother-in-law, captain of a large sailing vessel, which frequently touched at the ports on the western coast of Africa, at different times possessed two gray parrots, one of which, from having had some hot water thrown on its head accidentally, lost all its feathers permanently. Being frequently asked what was the cause of his strange bald pate, he used to reply, "I was scalded," but whenever he saw an old gentleman passing by in the street, or enter into the room, he would be sure to shout out, with a correct changing of the grammar, "You have been scalded," and then turning to the company, he would add, "He's been scalded."

Another of his parrots had been brought up by one of the sailors, but unfortunately had been taught to swear in a most horrible manner. My brother-in-law had him ducked in water well, whenever he heard him swear. This tends to cure him of the habit; but one day a man

was washed overboard, and upon the body being recovered and placed on the deck, the parrot hopped round it several times, shaking his head from side to side gravely, and saying, "You've been swearing, you've been swearing."

This reminds me of what once occurred in a clergyman's family. The bishop of the diocese had been holding a confirmation in the neighborhood, and was lunching at a rectory with several of his clergy. In the middle of the lunch, one of those dreadful pauses in the conversation took place. No one seemed able to break it, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, a most horrible swearing tongue poured forth a torrent of blasphemy and abuse upon the assembled guests.

Every one looked aghast at these unusual sounds, and for a minute or two the cursing and swearing continued uninterrupted; for, though every one looked at his neighbor, the mystery was not cleared until the hostess, hastily rising from the table and drawing aside a muslin curtain from the window, discovered the offender in the person of a gray parrot, whom that morning she had purchased at the door from a traveling bird dealer, and, thinking to show off her new acquisition, had hung in the room.—*Selected.*

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."  
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WHEN worthy Mr. Phillips, the Liverpool Quaker, taking thought in what way he could best benefit his fellow-creatures, built the beacon on the Smalls Rock in 1772, he could hardly have made a happier selection of "a great good to save humanity." There are few enterprises more heroic or beneficent than those connected with the construction and management of lighthouses. From first to last, from the rearing of the column on the rock to the monotonous, nightly vigil in attendance on the lamps—from the setting to the rising of the sun—the valor, intrepidity, and endurance, of all concerned are called into play, and the wild perils and stirring adventures they experience impart to the story of their labors a thrilling and romantic interest. In the case of the Smalls Lighthouse for instance, Whiteside, the self-taught engineer, and his party of Cornish miners had no sooner landed, and got a long iron shaft worked a few feet into the rock, than a storm arose that drove away their cutter, and kept them clinging with the tenacity of despair to the half-fastened rod for three days and two nights, when the wind fell and the sea calmed, and they were rescued, rather dead than alive, numbed from their long immersion in the water, which rose almost to their necks, and exhausted from want of food. And after the lighthouse had been erected, the engineer and some of his men again found themselves, as a paper in a bottle they had cast into the sea revealed to those on shore, in a "most dangerous condition on the Smalls," cut off from the mainland by the stormy weather, without fuel, and almost at the end of their stock of food and water—in which alarming situation they had to remain some time before their friends could get out to their relief. Most sea-girt beacons have their own legends of similar perils and fortitude; and the narratives of the erection of the three great lighthouses of Eddystone, Incheape, and Skerryvore, which may be selected as the types of the rest, are full of incidents as exciting as any "hair breadth 'scapes" of the imminent deadly breach."

About fourteen miles south from Plymouth, and ten from the Ram's Head on the Cornish coast, lies a perilous



reef of rocks, against which the long rolling swell of the Atlantic waves dashes with appalling force, and breaks up into those swirling eddies from which the reef is named—the Eddystone. Upon these treacherous crags many a gallant vessel has foundered and gone down within sight of the shore it had scarcely quitted or was just about to reach; and situated in the midst of a much frequented track, the rapid succession of calamities at the Eddystone was not long in awakening men's minds to the necessity of some warning light. The exposure of the reef to the wild fury of the Atlantic, and the small extent of the surface of the chief rock, however, rendered the construction of a lighthouse in such a situation a work of great and (as it was long considered) insuperable difficulty. The project was long talked of before any one was found daring enough to attempt the task; and when at length in 1796 Henry Winstanley stepped forward to undertake it, he might have been thought of all others the very last from whose brain so serious a conception would have emanated. The great hobby of his life had been to fill his house at Littlebury, in Essex, with mechanical devices of the most absurd and fantastic kind. If a visitor, retiring to his bedroom, kicked aside an old slipper on the floor, purposely thrown in his way, up started a ghost of hideous form. If, startled at the sight, he fell back into an arm chair placed temptingly at hand, a pair of gigantic arms would instantly spring forth and clasp him a prisoner in their rude embrace. Tired of these disagreeable surprises, the astonished guest perhaps took refuge in the garden, and sought repose in a pleasant arbor by the side of a canal; but he had scarcely seated himself, when he found himself suddenly set adrift on the water, where he floated about till his whimsical host came to his relief. Such was the man who now entered upon one of the most formidable engineering enterprises in the world.

Although Winstanley's lighthouse was but a slight affair compared with its successors, it occupied six years in the erection—the frequent rising of the sea over the rock, and the difficulty and danger of passing to and from it greatly retarding the operations, and rendering them practicable only during a short summer season. For ten or fourteen days after a storm had passed, and when all was calm elsewhere, the ground-swell from the Atlantic was often so heavy among these rocks that the waves sprang two hundred feet, and more, in the air, burying the works from sight. The first summer was spent in boring twelve holes in the rocks, and fixing therein twelve large irons as a holdfast for the works that were to be reared. The next season saw the commencement of a round pillar, which was to form the steeple of the tower, as well as afford protection to the workmen while at their labors. When Winstanley bade farewell to the rock for that year, the tower had risen to the height of twelve feet; and resuming operations next spring, he built at it till it reached the height of eighty feet. Having got the apartments fit for occupation, and the lantern set up, Winstanley determined to take up his abode there with his men, in order that no time might be lost in going to and from the rock. The first night they spent on the rock a great storm arose, and for eleven days it was impossible to hold any communication with the shore. "Not being acquainted with the height of the sea's rising," writes the architect, "we were almost drowned with wet, and our provisions in as bad a condition, though we worked night and day as much as possible to make shelter for ourselves." The storm abating, they went on shore for a little repose; but soon returning, set to work again with undiminished energy.

On the 11th of November of the same year (1698), Win-

stanley lighted his lantern for the first time. A long spell of boisterous weather followed, and it was not till three days before Christmas that they were able to quit their desolate abode, being "almost at the last extremity for want of provisions; but by good Providence then two boats came with provisions and the family that was to take care of the light; and so ended this year's work."

It was soon found that the sea rose to a much greater height than had been anticipated, the lantern, although six feet above the rock, being often "burned under water." Winstanley was, therefore, under the necessity of enlarging the tower, and carrying it to a greater elevation. The fourth season, accordingly, was spent in encasing the tower with fresh out-works, and adding forty feet to its height. This proved too high for its strength to bear; and in the course of three years the winds and waves had made sad havoc in the unstable fabric.

In November 1703, Winstanley went out to the rock himself, accompanied by his workmen, to institute the repairs. As he was putting off in the boat from Plymouth, a friend who had for some time before been watching the condition of the lighthouse with much anxiety, mentioned to him his suspicion that it was in a bad way, and could not last long. Winstanley, full of faith in the stability of his work, replied that "he only wished to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what effect it would have on his structure." And with these words he shoved off from the beach, and made for the rock.

(To be continued.)

THE boy who grows up in idleness, has, in after years, a habit to overcome which costs him much pain and remorse, and without overcoming which, he passes through this world a drone, and dies without leaving anything to mark the place he occupied in life. Learn to work while young. You can easily learn to take your ease if circumstances require it. The most useful men the world ever knew, learned to work in their youth.

IF I were sure God would pardon me, and men would not know my sin, yet I should be ashamed to sin, because of its essential baseness.—*Plato.*

HE that speaks sows, he that hears reaps, hence we should be guarded as to how we speak, as to how we hear. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear; but take heed how ye hear!"—*Selected.*

LEARN to be agreeable. You will live the longer for it. A man gains nothing, save it be enemies, by picking a quarrel with every person he meets.

MEN may judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.—*Selected.*

RISE EARLY.—One hour in the morning is worth two at night.

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